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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY A—R. C—E.

G L A S G O W :

PRINTED IN THE YEAR, M.DCC.LXXXIV.

A N

ODE ON THE MORNING.

WHILE mortals yet in slumbers ly;
The wakeful lark ascends the sky;

The rosy morn, in purple drest,
Draws back the curtains of the night,
Unbars the silver gates of light,

And walks triumphant to the west.
With joy the purple morn I view,
Trip o'er yon mountain clad with dew:

Raptur'd, I see her blushes spread;
Enamour'd of the virgin dawn,
In haste, I leave the flow'ry lawn

To meet her on the mountain's head.
What joy attends the rising day?

How Nature smiles, and all is gay!

How sweet, how pleasing is the scene!
Here, the empurpled skies behold!

There, little clouds fring'd round with gold!

And streaks of azure shine between.

The rising sun's all chearing ray,

Dispels the clouds, and gives the day;



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He strows with pearls the flow'ry lawns,
 Makes weeping flow'rs more gladly spring;
 Bids chearful birds arise and sing:

They sing and wake the rural swains.
 Lo! yonder, where the chearful swains,
 Pour forth their flocks, and hide the plains;
 Two youthful shepherds tune their reeds;
 While bleating flocks around them stray
 Alternately the shepherds play,

And lambkins frolic o'er the meads.
 Here, falling streams and murm'ring rills;
 There, rivers shine between the hills:

The hills with waving forests crown'd:
 In ev'ry thicket, hill, or grove,
 Or hymns of praise, or songs of love,

And balmy zephyrs waft them round.
 While nature thus, in various ways,
 Proclaims the great Creator's praise;

Shall I be mute? shall I do less?
 To Him who guards me all the night,
 And brings me safe to morning light,

My grateful tongue shall songs express.
 To Him, who form'd the earth and skies,
 Let universal anthems rise:

Awake to praise each tuneful tongue,
To Him who from the shades of night,
Call'd forth the sun, and chearing light,
To Him address your grateful song.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

WHEN Phoebus with his golden beams,
Silver'd o'er the shining streams;
And warbling birds from ev'ry spray,
In chearful songs salute the day:
'Twas then by contemplation led,
I wander'd thro' the peaceful shade;
And thus I heard a rustic swain,
Tell the list'ning woods his pain.
In vain to flow'ry meads I rove;
In vain I seek the silent grove;
Nor here, nor there I ease can find:
It is in vain I call to mind,
The pleasures they were wont to yield;
Nor shady grove, nor flow'ry field:
Not all the world can give me ease;
When Sylvia's absent nought can please.
How blest when with my charming maid,
I sported in this lonely shade!

Or sat in banks with roses crown'd,
 By yonder riv'lets murmur'ing found;
 While airy songsters tun'd their throats,
 Well pleas'd that Sylvia heard their notes.
 Now, nought is heard in all the grove,
 But mourning for my absent love.
 Hear Philomel's sad mournful lay!
 See weeping birds on ev'ry spray!
 Sweet gales that fann'd her bosom fair,
 Or sported with her golden hair,
 With hollow murmurs fill the caves,
 Or sigh along the trembling leaves.
 See blushing flow'rs recline their head,
 And weep where Sylvia us'd to tread!
 All mourn for her; 'tis only she
 Gives joy to all, and life to me.

AN ODE ON THE EVENING.

OH! how serene,
 The ev'ning scene!
 How pure, how sweet the pleasure giv'n!
 O man behold,
 These lamps of gold,
 Hung round the crystal vault of heav'n!

And while they shine,
By light divine,
And sing their great Creator's praise;

Let songs of joy
Thy tongue employ:
Loud anthems to Jehovah raise,

Soon as gone down
The chearing sun,
Advancing on her azure way,

With silver light
The queen of night,
Supplies the radiant lamp of day.

With what delight
My ravish'd sight,
Beholds the stars pure twinkling fires!

And radiant gleams
Of Cynthia's beams;
Which quiver on yon antic spires.

A gentle breeze
Flies o'er the trees,
And murmurs in the rustling wood;

Small trickling rills
From yonder hills,
Slow wand'ring, seek the distant flood,

Sweet Philomel,
The mournful tale,
Tells of her lover's hapless fate!
The groves around,
Retain the sound:
The echoing rocks her lays repeat.
The balmy dew,
Conceal'd from view,
To sleep on roses leaves the sky:
Oh! grateful show'rs,
To thirsty flow'rs!
Which else must wither, fade, and die,
So sleep repairs,
When worn with cares,
The wasted strength of feeble man:
Now free from woes,
In soft repose,
He slumbers 'till the morning dawn.
Ye rich and great,
On beds of state;
Do ye in softer slumbers rest?
Than swains who sleep,
Beside their sheep;
By no ambitious thought distressed,

Do flatted kings,
 Those wretched things;
 Such pure untainted bliss enjoy,
 As doth the hind
 Of humble mind,
 Whose peaceful breast no cares annoy?
 To man how vain,
 All earthly gain!
 How small the comforts earth bestows!
 The virtuous mind,
 To heav'n resign'd,
 True joy and lasting pleasure knows.

DAMON FOR BELINDA.

THOU rising sun, whose golden ray
 Dispels the ev'ning shades,
 And fills the world with chearing day,
 And ev'ry creature glads:
 Oh, couldst thou hear my drooping mind,
 And banish all my woes!
 Oh, shall I never, never, find
 The blessing of repose!

Ah me! a wretched son of woe,

For ever doom'd to mourn;

Whose tears eternally must flow,

And sorrows still return!

Fond man, why is thy heart so glad?

Why art thou vain and gay?

To-morrow all the joys are fled,

Which cheer'd thy heart to-day.

O Fortune, wherefore do'st thou lie?

Why smile on man at all?

Why do'st thou lift him up so high,

To crush him by his fall?

Oh, had I never tasted bliss!

Such grief I had not known:

The source of all my wretchedness,

Is pleasures which are gone.

But you who ask the reason why,

Or wonder that I pine,

Anon you'll hear, and soon you'll say,

No sorrows are like mine.

Oh, how Belinda I have seen,

Come forth before the sun,

And lightly tread yon flow'ry green,

Where wand'ring riv'lets run!

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Her heaving bosom then was bare,

Fann'd by the gentle wind ;

Her shoulders spread with silken hair,

In graceful ringlets twin'd.

But, ah ! those eyes whence light'ning flew,

And pierc'd my willing heart !

Those eyes which could the world subdue,

And life or death impart !

Not she, for whom the Greeks took arms,

And raz'd the wall of Troy,

Could equal her attractive charms,

Who gave my soul such joy.

Belinda kindly smil'd on me,

And blest me with her love :

I thought my joys should lasting be,

And equal those above.

But treach'rous death, who lurk'd unseen,

Ambitious to destroy ;

Alas ! death seiz'd the lovely Queen,

And blasted ev'ry joy.

As some sweet flow'r, or blushing rose,

That courts the smiling day,

Broke when a furious tempest blows,

And rudely dash'd away.

So now, the lov'd Belinda lies,

Tho' stopt that fragrant breath;
Tho' death has seal'd those sparkling eyes,

She's lovely, ev'n in death.

All joys, for ever more adieu;

And all the bliss I've known;

No happy day I e'er shall view,

Since lov'd Belinda's gone.

Cold weeping marble, on her tomb

Shall tell, in mournful rhymes;

Her fame, her worth, and early doom,

Unto the latest times.

A DIALOGUE between two LAP-DOGS.

TWO Dogs, upon a time went forth,

The one ran south, the other north:

It seems they both had the same way;

They met, and thus were heard to say:

Says Pug, I'm glad you're to be seen;

But yet, I wonder where you've been:

Your face is wither'd like a ghost;

And troth you're belly's wholly lost.

Says Snap, whatever be my case,

None ever had a finer place.

Says Pug, I'll be so free as tell,
I fear you do not fill it well.

Says Snap, believe me brother Pug,
I do as much as any dog:

I, to offend, am still afraid,
And creep beneath a chair or bed;
But when I'm call'd, I soon appear,
And with due reverence venture near,
And with attention wait to hear
What'er my lady has to say,
And to perform it, haste away.

Tho' little children pull my hairs,
Or tho' they lead me by the ears,
All this I bear so meek and tame,
I never once have snarl'd at them:

But when my lady takes the air,
With due respect I 'tend the fair;
But still I humbly keep behind,
And smell her steps, or snuff the wind.
Now sure you'll own, good master Pug,
I know the duty of a dog.

Says Pug, no wonder if neglect,
Contempt, and shame, and disrespect,
Be cast on those who never knew,
The half of what they ought to do!

Oh, when will foolish dogs be wise!
Or when shall sheepish creatures rise!
I never creep beneath a bed;

No, no: faith, I am better bred:
I jump into my lady's lap,
She cries, but gives my head a clap;
I clasp and lick her lily hand,
Then on my hinder legs I stand;
And next I clasp her slender waist,
Then lay my paws upon her breast;
She cries, but then there's no offence,
Or if she goes to move them hence;
Then while my lady's doing this,
I stretch my neck, and steal a kiss:
My lady stares, and cries, you rogue!
I kifs again, and she says, Pug.

Says Snap; but, do not think that I
Suspect you to have told a lie:
But yet, allow me, master Pug;
Is this behaving like a dog?

Oh, yes! says Pug; you must aspire,
If you'd have ladies to admire:
For, I have heard our fathers say,
That ladies love the bold and gay:

Then, boldly mount above your sphere;
For women damn you, if you fear.

But hear me further how I do,

And if you're wife, my plan pursue:

So, when my lady goes to dress,

I jump about, and joy exprefs;

And when she's drest and goes abroad,

I run before; and on the road

I sport with straws, or little sticks;

My lady smiles to see my tricks.

When we go home, I run before,

And by my scratching at the door

'Tis open e'er my lady come;

I run before into her room:

If any servant has done wrong,

My lady thunders with her tongue,

And darts the lightning from her eyes,

Then I assist with shirlest cries:

Then ev'ry other voice is drown'd;

The echoing rooms repeat our sound.

If any wrong me, they offend

My lady, who is still my friend:

She feeds, and guards me night and day,

And I do nought but sleep, and play.

Says Snap, your lot is wond'rous good,
 Thus to be blest with ease and food;
 Not vex'd with any earthly care,
 And so much favour'd by the fair:
 Before this hour, I ne'er could dream,
 How you gain'd so much esteem;
 But now I will your plan pursue,
 Until I be as great as you,
 And as much lov'd as any dog,
 Your humble servant, master Pug.

THE VISION OF ELIPHAZ,

From the 4th chapter of Job.

'T WAS at the silent hour of night,
 When mortals find repose;
 'Twas then, before my wond'ring sight,
 An awful spectre rose.
 Then sudden dread my heart did seize,
 My bones with trembling shake;
 A spirit was before mine eyes,
 And thus, it frowning spake:

“ Shall sinful man, at best but dust,

An animated clod;

Shall he, be like his Maker, just,

And spotless, like his God?

Tho’ highest angels him obey;

In them he doth not trust;

Much less, frail men, who dwell in clay,

Or moulder in the dust.

’Twixt morning and the setting sun,

How many yield their breath?

They perish ever, and yet none

Regard their sudden death.

Where then is wisdom, wealth, or pow’r,

In which vain mortals trust?

Or what avail they in that hour,

When man returns to dust?”

T H E E N D.